*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwike* and *Levves*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
*Edw.* Suppose they doe, they are but *Levves* and
*Warwike*, and I am your king and *Warwikes*,
And will be obaied.
*Glo.* And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
*Edw.* Yea brother *Richard* are you against vs too?
*Glo.* Not *I* my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure, (ther,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel toge-
*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie *Gray*,
Maie not be my loue and Englands *Queene*?
Speake freelie *Clarence*, *Glostor*,
*Montague* and *Hastings*.
*Cla.* My Lord then this is my opinion,
That *Warwike* beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his injuries.
*Glo.* And *Levves* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with *Warwike* to supplant your state.
*Edw.* Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwike* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
*Mont.* But yet to haue ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor anie alliance with them.
*Cla.* For this one speech the Lord *Hastings* wel deserues,
To



To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
*Edw.* And what then? It was our will it should be so?
*Cla.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
*Edw.* Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
*Cla.* Nay you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
*Edw.* Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
*Edward* will not be tied to his brothers wils.
*Queen.* My Lords doe me but right and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
*Edw.* Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, nay shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands. (France,
*Mont.* My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from

Enter a Messenger.

*Edw.* Now sirra, What letters or what newes?
*Mes.* No letters my Lord, and such newes as without
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.
*Edw.* We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said *Lewis* to our letters?
*Mes.* At my departure these were his verie words.



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